THE

POLYANTHOS.

JANUARY, 1807.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

Lucubrations of Nehemiah Notional.

N°. III.

THOUGH I have many relatives, the number of my correspondents has hitherto been small. My letters have ever been confined to a few select friends, whose feelings and taste correspond with my own. I have never had an inclination, and very seldom an opportunity, to enlarge this small but well chosen circle. Necessity however has lately compelled me to add several names to my list of correspondents, and I must own that I am pleased with their attention, as I know them to be rational men, though they belong to the Notional family—to be men whose experience has been great and well improved. Their letters shall occasionally mingle with my own lucubrations.

In the following letter I recognize the writing and style of a friend whom I have long valued. His sentiments appear to be the result of experience and observation, and I think, that I cannot more effectually accomplish my design than by inserting them in his language.

Mr. Nehemiah Notional,
Sir,

As I have the *honour* of belonging to the family of the Notionals, and am far from opposing your design to diminish its number, I have taken the liberty to write to you. I am a talkative old man, Sir, and shall say much, though little to the purpose. But as I have had considerable experience in the world, I flatter myself that my opinions will generally agree with yours, even if they are not expressed in the refined style of modern days.—I heartily agree with you that the Notional family is very numerous, that it has acquired an undue influence in society: And I think that instead of attempting to knock them down with the cudgel of reason and argument, you have very wisely endeavoured to exalt them on the pillory f satire, that they may be exposed to derision and contempt.

Business which I could not avoid compelled me to visit this metropolis, from which I have been absent many years. I have been but a short time in Boston, but short as the time has been, I have discovered thousands of our

brethren in every place—Yes, I find swarms of our relations in this centre of refinement.—I must candidly confess to you a strange notion I had formed, though I have since been grievously disappointed in it. As I seldom visit the gay circles of fashion, my desire was great to enjoy the society and conversation of people of taste in this enlightened age. I have read with delight of the learned characters composing Johnson's club, of the accomplished ladies, who visited Mrs. Montague, where wit, good humour, and vivacity reigned triumphant. The anticipation of my introduction was pleasure, but the reality disgust indeed. I was formally introduced to the people of taste of whom I had heard so much, and must confess that their scrutinizing stare fairly made me blush. The disagreeable business of introduction over, I expected to be at ease and to enter into conversation. Instead of which I was obliged to keep closely wedged in my place, as stiff, silent, and woe-begone as an old Egyptian mummy. Their jargon was to me as unintelligible as Arabick. And I assure you, Sir, that though the pretty tattle of the ladies and the frothy prattle of the gentlemen might be pleasant and agreeable enough to themselves, I was right glad to escape from them.—Is this a fair specimen of your modern society, says I to a wise and observing, though young and apparently fashionable gentleman.—It is, alas, said he, it cannot be denied. What pleasure or entertainment

then, much less improvement, can be gained from intercourse with such people. Their whole stock of conversation lies in remarks on the pleasantness of the day, the shifting of the winds, or the gloominess of the weather. The turning of a weather-cock, furnishes them with remarks for a whole evening and the change of fashion for a month, if the fashion lasts so long. At such assemblies we learn the most newly imported fashions, who makes the most routs, who dresses most elegantly and fashionably, who has been sick the week past. And besides this *all important* information we learn the art of talking an hour upon nothing, and moreover the art of setting an hour and hearing another talk upon nothing. Too true, alas, rejoined the gentleman I had spoken to. But fashion must be borne. We must invite friends, not for the sake of their company, but to show our fashion, elegance, and wealth; and the chief object of these visits seems to be—to ascertain who can carry folly, flummery and formality to the greatest excess.

If this alone be the object of fashionable company, may I be allowed in peace to enjoy my leisure, uninterrupted by idle compliments or vain invitations. *I am, yours, &c.*

OBADIAH ODD.

I have another letter, which comes from my cousin Nebuchadnezzar, and demands early

attention, as it gives me an opportunity of removing any false impressions which may have been made by my second number.

Mr. Notional,

I AM very sorry that any of your 'Lucubrations' should give offence; but permit me to tell you that a 'Society of Gentlemen' in this town consider themselves greatly aggrieved by some observations in your last essay. A friend of mine who is closely connected with this Society, observed to me the other evening, somewhat angrily, that 'the *pointed* satire of Nehemiah Notional was very far from being a proof of his good manners.' As I have some family pride in my composition, I could not bear to hear you, cousin, or your writings spoken of with a sneer, especially as I knew there was no occasion for it. I was therefore at some pains to obviate his insinuations. Is it possible, said I, that my cousin would call your Society a club of *young* Notionals, a set of *beardless boys*, when I dare say that every one of you have seen twice his years, and have beards much longer, thicker, and more respectable than his own? Besides, you have just boasted that your Society is more than half composed of the *great guns* of the law and the *canons* of the church; and I am sure that cousin Nehemiah knows too well the respect due to age and office, to speak of either with indignity, *est enim disertus puer*, for he is an ac-

complished young man, I assure you.—All this however was to little purpose, unless it were to irritate him still further. He asserted plumply to my face, that he knew Nehemiah Notional better than I did; that instead of being a cousin of mine as I pretended, a young man of education, and the like, he was nothing more nor less than *a disappointed old woman!* one who had several years ago published three volumes of something, which had never been read, except by the printer, and he invariably fell asleep over the proof-sheets; that being *galled* by the repeated lacerations of criticism, she was *wincing* out her lamentations under the assumed name of Nehemiah Notional. As I immediately knew who my friend hinted at, I could not avoid smiling, that he should mistake a young man of twenty for an old lady of sixty. Finding however that all altercation with him would be vain, I thought it most prudent to change the subject of conversation. We shortly after shook hands and parted—each 'as his business and desires might call.'

From your loving cousin till death,

NEBUCHADNEZZAR NOTIONAL.

I cannot but feel obliged to cousin Neb. for his zeal in my defence, but must confess that, had I been in his situation, I should have done little more than repeat the old adage, 'If the coat fits you, you may wear it.' Though I

did not intend to portray any particular individual, or 'Society' of individuals, I sincerely believe the picture I drew in my last number resembles many. If any 'great guns' of the law or 'canons' of the church can discover in it a resemblance of themselves, I am sorry—not for myself, but for them. I shall however continue to prove my *want of good manners*, by persecuting folly and vice wherever I find them. They are common enemies, which ought to be detected and exposed, let them assume what shape they may. Folly is not less foolish because she appears dressed in a parson's gown, nor vice less detestable because she wears a lawyer's wig.

Jan. 16, 1807.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

CONTEMPLATOR....N°. 7.

Μελιγλώσσαν ἀοιδὸν ἄνθεα.

THE object of the present number is to call the attention of our readers to a poem, which we are surprised to observe has excited far less curiosity and commendation than its real and intrinsick excellence ought to demand. For while multitudes of poetical works which now swarm in the regions of literature, baneful to the flowers of taste, are sought and read

with avidity, that truly excellent and original poem, *The Village Curate*, is passed by unnoticed and almost unknown. Of the author, the Rev. J. Hurdis, B. D. we know but little, save that he was Professor of Poetry in the university of Oxford, and which alone may justify us in forming a high opinion of his talents. His first work, the one now before us, appeared anonymously in 1788, and was well received. Since then he has published an octavo volume of poems, which, though not equal in merit to his first production, yet display correct taste and superiour genius; and 'Sir Thomas More,' a tragedy, written in the genuine spirit of poetry. As a divine, he has also published a few sermons, and critical remarks upon some parts of Genesis. The reader may perhaps recollect him as a correspondent of the poet of Weston, and will excuse us if we introduce an extract containing a compliment, not only honourable to the writer, but justly due to the merit of Mr. Hurdis.

'I have always entertained,' says Mr. Cowper, 'and have occasionally avowed a great degree of respect for the abilities of the unknown author of *The Village Curate;* unknown at that time, but now well known, and not to me only, but many. For before I was favoured with your obliging letter, I knew your name, your place of abode, your profession, and that you had four sisters; all which I learned, not from your bookseller, nor any of

his connexions; you will perceive, therefore, that you are no longer an author incognito. The writer indeed of many passages that have fallen from your pen, could not long continue so. Let genius, true genius, conceal itself where it may, we may say of it as the young man in Terence of his beautiful mistress, *Diu latere non potest.*'

It may perhaps be said, that this praise is rather the offspring of warm friendship than rigid criticism. But we can produce an opinion that is decisive; the opinion of those, at whose bar every author is amenable, and who, though they severely condemn those who appear before the publick without merit to claim its approbation, yet are willing when true genius appears, to bestow the highest applause.—'The present,' says an English reviewer in his remarks upon this poem, 'like every preceding age, abounds in verse-makers; and the brethren of the trade, though they differ in some circumstances, have certainly much in common among them. One may possibly finish more neatly than his neighbour, but in general they collect together the same old materials, and work away with the same blunt instruments.

'Poets on the contrary, true poets, are very sparingly scattered; but when they do appear, they are easily distinguished from the scribbling herd. Fortunately the present author is entitled to this distinction. He knows the senti-

ments of others, but he gives us his own. Instead of lamenting that there is little chance for originality, he is original; instead of unmeaning, though perhaps well measured lines, he presents us with a poem, where the sense is prominent and the language is expressive; and instead of dispiriting us by gloomy representations of misery which never existed, he exhibits a pleasant view of life, and, by rendering us contented with ourselves, fits us for bestowing happiness on others.'

Thus, without placing dependence upon our own opinion and judgment, are we able to bestow the praise of excellence upon this poem; and without indulging ourselves in the high strain of panegyrick and eulogy, can we venture to wonder that the work has received such little attention and applause from the literary world. As to the poem, it is descriptive, the plan simple, and the author, as he confesses, frequently rides his rambling Pegasus without a rein. But there is an *originality*, a *purity of moral*, and a *beautiful* yet *manly simplicity*, which pervades this work, and which cannot fail to interest and charm.

Of this work, the only copy we have been able to procure or even see is a most miserable one, printed at Newburyport. We therefore take the liberty of recommending it to our booksellers, while they are reprinting the poetical productions of Strangford, Moore, Walpole, &c. not to let the *Village Curate* languish

in obscurity. We can assure them it is an object much more worthy the American press, one which will do more honour to their taste and judgment, and be a highly valuable present to the publick.

In our next number we shall present our readers with a few extracts. ☞

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

ANALECTA....No. III.

"Undique collatis membris."

ROBERT MERRY, Esq. A. M.

THIS gentleman was a member of the famous Della Cruscan Academy; and although his poetry has been severely satirized by Mr. Gifford, and although guilty of a false glitter, negligence and obscurity, yet his pretensions to poetical merit are often great and striking; while the spirit of liberty and benevolence which breathe through his writings seem ardent and sincere. His Poem "The Pains of Memory," has by some been preferred to the "Pleasures of Memory."—His pieces in the British Album have the greatest claim to distinction of any, found in that work. As a proof of this, as well as his great poetical talent, we refer the reader to those two excellent productions, "Diversity," and "Ambitious Vengeance."

MARRIAGE.

An old Grecian in one of his pithy epigrams, observes, that *he* is the happy man, *who owes nothing*

Εὐδαίμεων,——ὁ μηδένι μηδὲν ὀφείλων,

Then *he* who is unmarried. And in the third place the *man*, who is without children. If, he adds, the married man be mad, he may boast of *some* advantage; but, if he *immediately* buries his wife he has had indeed a *great dowry*.

Ταῦτ' εἰδὼς σοφὸς ἴσθι.

He is a wise man who knows these things.

TRANSLATION OF JUVENAL.

In 1804 was published a new translation of Juvenal, by the Rev. William Heath Marsh, A.M. It seems an arduous undertaking to give the world a new version of this poet, after the excellent translation of Mr. Gifford. But Mr. Marsh observes that he was entirely ignorant of the design of Mr. G.; and that his own was entirely completed before he saw that rival version. Truth, he adds, requires of me this avowal, that the present publication may not be imputed to improper motives, by which I was never actuated. For though I have not the presumption to suppose that I possess the power to injure an author of such established reputation, yet I would not unjustly be suspected of

the attempt; since the intention is the same, whether the hostile spear be launched with the firm vigour of Achilles, or feebly thrown by the palsied hand of Priam. Of the merit of the present translation I shall say nothing, my only design is to present the reader a short extract, in which he will observe not only handsome versification, but two celebrated passages *well* rendered. Sat. 3d.

Produce a witness of unsullied fame,
A Scipio, Numa, or His honoured name,
Who sav'd Minerva from the flaming pile—
If *poor*, these virtues but excite a smile.
"What is he worth? What can he well afford?
How many lazy lacqueys grace his board?
How many acres can he call his own?
What pomp, what splendour at his feasts are shown?"
These are important subjects—but how wise,
How good, how just, are questions they despise.
Credit and wealth are pois'd in even scales;
An oath most solemn nothing here avails;
The poor, 'tis said, live only by deceit,
The gods wink at them, as the rogues must eat.
Besides, what theme for laughter and for scorn!
The vest is sullied, or the cloak is torn;
The worn out leather shews the naked foot,
Or clumsy stitches cobble up the boot.

O POVERTY! OF OF ALL THY NUM'ROUS TRAIN
OF ILLS, NONE WOUND US LIKE THE WORLD'S DISDAIN.

—Who for his daughter will the youth approve,
With merit only, and with virtuous love?
When do the poor inherit? What pretence
To civil honours, poverty and sense?
Our fathers, bless'd with little, once before
Fled, but to Rome should ne'er have ventured more.

NEGLECTED GENIUS BOWS TO FATE'S CONTROL,
WHERE WANT, PALE SPECTRE, CRAMPS TH' ASPIRING SOUL.

PITY.

As the passion of Sorrow proceeds from the loss of what we have loved, it may imperceptibly dispose—in persons where passions are strong but very transient—to the affection of love towards the object commiserating our loss. No one can appear so worthy of the transfer, as the friend, who sympathises deeply with the affliction. The poet has justly observed that 'Pity is akin to love.' In these moments, the commiserator forgets every fault, even where he knows that they exist; and brings forward every good quality, which in his opinion renders the afflicted less deserving of their suffer-

ings. We may also add that the gratitude which this pity inspires, is accompanied with the most favourable sentiments of the human disposition, and has a tendency to produce a predilection for the person of the sympathizer. In short, whatever gives birth to any of the kindly affections, may be productive of personal predilections, and terminate in love both as an affection and a passion. Othello says of Desdemona,

> She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
> And I lov'd her that she did pity them.

LUDICROUS IDEAS.

NOTHING so effectually subdues the violence of anger, as the fortunate suggestion of ludicrous ideas. Whatever excites a smile or a laugh, excites a sensation totally imcompatible with rage, or with deep resentment. It has often happened that something ridiculous in the ideas or conduct of the offender has averted the punishment due to his carelessness or inadvertency; or that some gay and cheerful thought has at once obliterated resentment against a conduct not entirely trivial. We are told by fabulists, that when Apollo was about to shoot Mercury disguised as a herdsman, incensed at this thievish deity for having stolen some cattle which Apollo was destined to watch, he applied to his quiver for an arrow that he might revenge the offence; but discovering

that the arch thief had prevented the effects of his anger by previously stealing all the arrows, he was so diverted at the jest that his anger immediately subsided, *Iracundiam voluptate superante.*

In the quarrel between Jupiter and Juno, Homer represents the Queen of Heaven terrified into silence, and attempting to suppress the signs of a resentment which she could not subdue. But he informs us that it was the jest of Vulcan in taking upon him an office, for which he was so ill qualified, and becoming cup bearer, which effectually restored mirth and good humour among the celestials.

Vulcan with awkward grace, his office plies;
And unextinguished laughter shakes the skies.

ASSOCIATION.

Every passion or affection which has been indulged to a considerable degree, seems to change the complexion of every surrounding object. Places in which we have been happy, strike us as if they were both witnesses and participants of our bliss; and distress invariably diffuses a gloom over locality itself, and every circumstance that reminds us of what we have felt. Nor can we call to our recollection any place in which we have enjoyed peculiar satisfaction, without feeling an affection for that spot; or recollect scenes of unhappiness, without feeling something like resentment against

the theatre of our sufferings. The traveller, who has been made happy in a foreign country contracts a partiality for every thing belonging to it; if he has been ill received and ill treated, the gayest scenes and the most advantageous circumstances belonging to that country, upon recollection inspire him with disgust and horrour.

This principle is also extensive in its influence. It renders the spot where the lover enjoys the company of his mistress, a paradise in his sight, however different its aspect may be to another. The slightest present as a token of affection inspires exquisite delight; a trinket or a lock of hair are to him of more worth than a kingdom. It is this principle which enstamps an inestimable value upon the relicks of saints and martyrs, and empowers fragments of their garments, their very teeth and nails, to work miracles in the opinion of the devotee. In its more moderate exertions, it inspires a strong attachment to every thing which was once our friend's. It is this principle of association, which so easily implants in the religious and devout mind a veneration for the place destined to the office of religion; and inscribes holiness upon the edifice devoted to sacred purposes.

CHARACTER OF THE *TRUE POET.*

The favour'd BARD,
Who nobly conscious of his juſt reward,

With loftier soul, and undecaying might,
Paints what he feels in characters of light.
He turns: and instantaneous all around
Cliffs whiten, waters murmur, voices sound,
Portentous forms in heaven's aërial hall
Appear, as at some great supernal call.
Thence oft in thought his steps ideal haste
To rocks and groves, the wilderness or waste;
To plains, where Tadmor's regal ruins lie
In desolation's sullen majesty;
Or where Carthusian towers the pilgrim draw,
And bow the soul with unresisted awe,
Whence Bruno, from the mountain's pine-clad brow,
Survey'd the world's inglorious toil below;
Then, as down ragged cliffs the torrent roar'd
Prostrate great Nature's present GOD ador'd
And bade, in solitude's extremest bourn,
Religion hallow the severe sojourn.
TO HIM the Painter gives his pencil's might;
No gloom too dreadful and no blaze too bright,
What time to mortal ken he dares unveil
THE inexpressive FORM in semblance frail,
To the strain'd view presents the yawning tomb,
Substantial horrours, and eternal doom.
TO HIM the Pow'rs of harmony resort,
And as the Bard, with high commanding port,
Scans all th' ethereal wilderness around,
Pour on his ear the thrilling stream of sound;

Strains, from that full-strung chord at distance swell,
Notes, breathing soft from musick's inmost cell,
While to their numerous pause, or accent deep,
His choral passions dread accordance keep.
Thence musing, lo he bends his weary eyes
On life and all its sad realities;
Marks how the prospect darkens in the rear,
Shade blends with shade, and fear succeeds to fear,
Mid forms that rise, and flutter through the gloom,
'Till Death unbar the cold sepulchral room.
Such is the Poet: bold, without confine,
Imagination's "*charter'd libertine!*"
He scorns, in apathy, to float or dream
On listless Satisfaction's torpid stream,
But dares ALONE in vent'rous bark to ride
Down turbulent Delight's tempestuous tide;
While tho'ts encount'ring tho'ts in conflict fierce
Tumultuous rush, and labour into verse,
Then, as the swelling numbers round him roll,
Stamps on th' immortal page the visions of the soul.

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCH OF *JOHN JAY.*

JOHN JAY is well known to be one of the most illustrious characters in the American revolution. He is descended from one of those French protestants, whom the revolution of Henry the fourth's edict compelled to seek a refuge in foreign countries. These exiles spread themselves throughout all the protestant parts of Europe, and a little colony, somewhat more adventurous than their brethren, sought an asylum among the forests and morasses of the new world in the west They settled on the shore of Long Island sound, where their language and manners are far from being quite extinct, even at this day.

Mr. Jay was trained to the law, that profession which constitutes, in America, the surest road to political eminence, and whose members generally took the lead in the opposition made to the claims of Great Britain by her colonies. Mr. Jay was equally conspicuous for his zeal and his abilities. His talents however were exerted in the diplomatick, rather than in the legislative field. As the revolution was chiefly indebted for its successful establishment to the countenance and aid of foreign powers, the statesman and patriots of America were as usefully and arduously employed at foreign courts,

in the service of their country, as in the domestick legislature. Mr. Jay resided at the court of Spain several years, till the end of the war, as the representative and advocate of the new states, and his conduct in that capacity has secured him the highest praise.

An unfortunate difference which arose between Mr. Jay while in Spain, and a young man by the name of Littlepage, whom at the entreaty of the youth's friends, he took under his guardianship, occasioned an appeal to the publick, on some points of his private conduct, after his return home. The issue of this controversy was highly favourable to Mr. Jay, and showed that he was capable of a right decision in points of social conduct extremely delicate. Littlepage was a young man of brilliant parts, and contrived to involve his patron in difficulties, from which nothing but a great deal of moral rectitude, as well as a most perspicacious judgment, could have extricated him.

After serving his country at home, for a few years, John Jay was selected by Washington as ambassador to England. He was charged with the important task of obtaining redress and compensation for the wrongs which our commerce had incurred from the British cruizers, and of securing our rights from future violation by a permanent commercial treaty. Every one knows the violent debates, not only in our legislative bodies, but among the people at large, which retarded the ratification of this treaty.

As on all great national questions, these controversies were long and violent, and the merits of the treaty-maker were as loudly extolled by one party, as they were vehemently denied by the other. These altercations have long since given way to other disputes; time has allayed the fever of party rage, and experience has settled the merits of Mr. Jay's conduct on that occasion. Nobody ever questioned the uprightness of the ambassador's intentions, and, whether ultimate effects have jutified his friends or his enemies in their prognosticks, most certain it is, that the true interests of his country constituted the only object of his labours.

After his return from this embassy, he was chosen governour of his native state, New York, in which post, or in one still higher, he would probably have now been found, if the balance of political parties had not since changed its position. He has for some years lived in peaceful and modest retirement, and is said to be, at present, engaged in a literary undertaking of great weight and importance. If a feeble and obscure voice could have any influence over the employment of his time, it would be exerted to persuade him to throw the light of his own recorded experience on the momentous history of the revolution, in which he was so important and illustrious an actor.

Lit. Mag.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

MAHOMETAN HISTORY OF THE CREATION AND FALL OF MAN.

THE Mahometans believe that the world was inhabited before the creation of man by the *genii*, and that God having ordered them to prostrate themselves before Adam, and acknowledge him as their superiour, the *Peris* or *good genii* obeyed, whilst the *bad genii*, or *Dives*, at the head of whom was *Eblis (the devil)* rebelled, in consequence of which they were driven from paradise, and have ever since continued the enemies of the human race. They say that God, when he resolved to create Adam, sent the angel Gabriel to the earth to bring seven handfuls of the different strata of which the terrestrial globe was composed, against which the earth remonstrated, under the apprehension that the creature for the formation of whom she was to furnish materials would rebel, and draw on her the wrath of God: Gabriel, moved with compassion, carried her remonstrance to heaven. Michael was then sent, and after him Asrafel, who both returning with reports of the earth's reluctancy, the Supreme being, displeased at her obstinacy, dispatched Azrael, who seized by force the seven handfuls of her mass, and bore them to heaven: in consequence of which, Azrael, who, in the execution of this office had dis-

played the stern unfeelingness of his nature, had the charge consigned to him of separating the souls from the bodies or this new creation, and thence received the appellation of the *angel of death*. From the different colours and qualities of the earths made use of in the creation of man arise, say the Mahometans, the different colours and temperaments of his posterity.

Eblis, being full of resentment against this new creature, associated himself with the *serpent* and the *peacock*, who, after various arts, having at length prevailed upon Adam and Eve to eat of the forbidden fruit, the glorious robes with which they had been clothed immediately dropped off, when, struck with shame and surprise, they hid themselves among some fig-trees, where they did not long remain before they heard the awful voice of God pronouncing their banishment from paradise. They were all in consequence thrown headlong to the earth: Adam fell upon a mountain in the island of Serendib or Ceylon (now called Pico d'Adam); Eve at Gidda, on the Red Sea; Eblis at Missau, near Bissora; Hindostan received the peacock, and Ispahan the serpent. Adam, after suffering much, as a punishment for his disobedience, was at length admitted to meet Eve on Mount Arafat, from whence he conducted her to Serendib, where they passed the remainder of their lives.

The moral of this verse seems to recommend a cheerful enjoyment of the present hour, with-

out indulging too great curiosity, or giving way to melancholy, by thinking too despairingly on the time to come; for Adam, not contented with the delights of paradise, but wishing to pry into futurity, was suddenly punished for his presumptuous folly, and banished for ever from those mansions of bliss.

PRESERVATIVE

AGAINST EARTHQUAKE AND THUNDER.

PHILLIP the second of Spain is well known to have expended enormous sums in the erection of the convent and palace of the Escurial. He very cautiously provided by the best means against all the ordinary accidents to which such a building was liable. There were two accidents, however, to which every edifice, constructed partly of wood, and raised upon the surface of the earth, is unavoidably exposed: and these are earthquake and lightning. After much reflection on the best method of averting these evils, the sagacious monarch and his counsellors at last hit upon expedients which they deemed infallible. One of these consisted in enclosing, with the utmost solemnity, certain small portions and splinters of the hair, nails, and bones which formerly belonged to St. Laurence, in the urns, placed along the roof of the building. This was to serve as a sure preservative against lightning, while earthquake was

carefully averted by enclosing certain fragments of the oaken staff, woollen hose, and hairy mattrass of the same martyr, in the cubes and rhombs which formed the corner stones and buttresses of the edifice.

PLATO

Once made a voyage to Sicily, and was introduced to Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse. Discoursing with him one day on happiness, justice, and real greatness, he maintained that no human being could be so abject and wretched as an unjust prince. Dionysius exclaimed in a rage, 'You talk like a dotard.'—'And you like a tyrant,' said Plato. This had very nearly cost him his life. Dionysius would not suffer him to go on board a vessel returning to Greece, until the captain had promised either to throw him into the sea or sell him for a slave. He was sold, ransomed by his friends, and brought back to his country. Afterwards Dionysius, not wishing to lose the friendship of the Greeks, wrote to him, desiring him to spare him in his writings, and received this contemptuous answer: 'I have not leisure to remember Dionysius.'

SAPPHO.

Alcaus, the lyrist, conceived a passion for Sappho, and one day wrote to her: 'I wish

to explain myself, but shame restrains me.' She answered—'Your forehead would not blush, were not your heart culpable.'

She used to say, 'I am actuated by a love of pleasure and of virtue; without virtue nothing is so dangerous as riches; and their union constitutes happiness.'

HERALDRY

Has ever been a favourite science; the early ancients cultivated it with avidity. It was communicated to the Europeans by the eastern nations, at their emigration at the decline of the western empire. In a very scarce book, written in the fifteenth century, by a prioress of Sopewell-nunnery, on Heraldry, the following curious paragraph occurs:

'Of the offspring of the *gentilman* Jafeth, come Habraham, Moyses, Aron, and the profettys, and also the kyng of the right line of Mary, of whom that *gentilman* Jhesus was born, very God and very man. After his manhode kyng of the land, jude and of Jews, *gentilman* by his moder Mary, prince of *cote-armour*,' &c. &c. &c.

FREDERICK THE GREAT

Was fully sensible of the contagious nature of liberty. He knew that the spirit of freedom was epidemical, and he did not choose to em-

ploy his subjects in any mode that could put them in the way of catching the disorder. When Dr. Franklin applied to him to lend his assistance to America, 'Pray Doctor, (says the veteran) what is the object they mean to attain?' 'Liberty, Sire, (replied the philosopher) liberty—that freedom which is the birthright of man.' The King, after a short pause, made this memorable answer: 'I was born a Prince; I am become a King; and I will not use the power that I possess, to the ruin of my trade. I was born to command—and the people are born to obey.'

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE VICISSITUDES OF HUMAN LIFE,

Exemplified by an Historical Anecdote.

For the shortness of human life a variety of comparisons have been suggested; not only by general observers, but by the wisest of men; yet it would be difficult to find a simile perfectly applicable to the transitions which some characters are destined to undergo.

To behold a good man struggling with adversity, and, as it were, rising superiour to the poignancy of its shafts, is allowed to exalt the human character to the most dignified situation which it is possible for it to attain. Courage

may enable a man to brave danger; apathy may render him regardless of life; for the heart, which is incapable of attachment, feels not the force of Nature's powerful ties. We, doubtless, are not born all with the same disposition and propensities; the same misfortunes are very differently felt; and a character destitute of sensibility is no more to be admired for bearing them with composure, than the immoveable rock, which the winds of heaven cannot shake. But when we behold a being born to an elevated station, endowed with feelings of the most lively and susceptible kind, piously submitting to the ordinations of a wise Providence, yet supporting the wants of nature by the exertions of his own hand; a kind of enthusiastick admiration seizes us, and we can scarcely find words to express the emotions it inspires.

These observations have been excited by the perusal of the following anecdote in a French work, entitled 'Letters to the Count de B-----.'

Sir Thomas Moyle, a celebrated architect, having been employed to build a large castle in the parish of Eastville, had frequently been struck with the superiour language and manners of the master mason who superintended the work. When his mind was not occupied in directions to the labourers, he was always intent upon a book, which Sir Thomas at length contrived to obtain a glance of, and, to his astonishment, discovered it to be Virgil's Æneid.

This discovery confirmed him in the opinion which he had previously formed; and by those little delicate attentions which excite friendly communication, he at length received from the lips of the mason the following extraordinary account.

'Until the age of sixteen I was boarded with a master, whose chief attention was devoted to the improvement of my mind; and during that period I was regularly visited by a gentleman, whose manners were extremely dignified, every three months. As my understanding expanded, the secrecy which was observed towards me excited a degree of anxiety in my mind; and I expressed to this gentleman the solicitude I suffered, and begged to be informed whether I was *not* his *son*. His conduct to me certainly was not calculated to give rise to this suspicion, for his attentions were always mingled with a degree of respect, which is not likely to influence the manners of a parent towards the being to whom he had given birth. In the strongest terms of assurance he denied being my father; acknowledged that a mystery hung over my head, which very soon would be elucidated to my entire satisfaction; but declined telling me more.

'In less than two months I had the pleasure of seeing my only acquaintance return, for I was kept in a perfect state of captivity; yet, from never having had my liberty, I knew not the gratification which arises from a communi-

cation with the world. My heart however bounded with satisfaction, when this kind friend informed me I was to quit my abode, for the purpose of being introduced to a friend of my father's; but that after the interview I was to return. Of the nature of distance I could form no accurate idea; to me it appeared an amazing way; but at length the carriage drove up to a most superb building, and I was conducted through a suite of apartments furnished in the most elegant style.

'After placing a chair for me, in a room magnificently ornamented, my kind conductor took his leave, telling me my father's friend would soon wait upon me, which he did, before I had time to revolve these extraordinary circumstances in my mind. He approached me with extended arms, and pressed me to his bosom. *Mine* laboured with sensations language can never describe; but, to give a turn to those emotions evidently depictured on my countenance, he began to ask a variety of questions respecting the cultivation of my mind, with that air of tenderness and anxiety, which proved how deep an interest he took in my concerns. The dress of this stranger was truly magnificent. At the close of our conversation he presented me with a purse, filled with different gold coins, of which I scarcely knew the value; though still sensible they were of no small degree of worth. Upon this distinguished personage's departure my conductor

made his appearance, and taking my reluctant hand, led me to the coach. Our journey was performed without an explanation; and my mind was tortured with a variety of suggestions to which this extraordinary interview had given rise.

'A few months after this singular circumstance, the friend of my infancy arrived at an early hour; he brought with him a rich dress, in which I was soon habited, and desired me to ascend a phaeton with six horses, which was waiting at the gate. We drove with a rapidity imagination could scarcely conceive possible, and at length arrived at Bosworth Field, and stopped at the tent of my lamented father, who was no less a personage than Richard the Third! 'Behold my son!' said he to the noblemen who surrounded him, at the same time pressing me fondly to his heart; when I instantly recognized the stranger who had excited such singular emotions at our interview a few months before. 'Tomorrow, (said he) my child, I shall fight for my crown and kingdom; if fortune favours the undertaking both will be yours; and if victory crowns my arms, I will openly proclaim you as my adopted heir, though illegitimate son. Should I be vanquished, carefully, I conjure you, conceal the secret of your birth; for you will be surrounded with a set of implacable enemies, who will drink the last drop of your blood!'

'In vain I conjured him to let me share the fate of battle; on my knees besought him to let me *live* or *die* by his side; but no argument could induce him to comply with my wishes; and again I was entrusted to my conductor's care. 'To your hand (said he, turning to my companion) I commit a sacred and important trust;' presenting me at the same moment with a port-folio, and informing me its contents would prevent me from knowing the miseries of want. 'Go, my son, (continued he) fulfil your destiny;' at the same time embracing me with tears.

'At this command I remained motionless. My guide led, or rather forced me away; as my father's mind was too much occupied with the dangers which hung over him, to allow any length of time to be devoted even to a son. Early the next morning I was conducted to an eminence, where I had an opportunity of observing the dreadful carnage that ensued; and, shocking to relate, in the midst of the slaughter, I bebeld the author of my existence fall. A sudden faintness overspread my faculties; my knees trembled; my eyes became dim; and casting an agonized look towards my protector, I fell senseless to the ground. How long I remained in this situation is uncertain. Upon recovering my recollection, I looked in vain for my friend; for, regardless of the sacred promise he had given to my father, he had sought his own safety by flight.

This was not all; for he had secured the portfolio, and left me as destitute of the means of supporting existence, as a child newly born. I knew not even the place where my infancy had been nurtured, and had not a single friend in the world!

'My father's troops were flying in every direction. Conceive, if possible, the wretched state to which I was reduced. At that moment I fortunately perceived a horse without a rider, and mounted him. I soon found myself in the high road. Not to tire your patience by attempting to describe sensations which it would be impossible for the power of language to paint, I shall merely say that I remained some time in London, exposed to all the miseries of want. Chance at length directed my footsteps to a house of entertainment, which some masons used, with whom I entered into conversation, and enquired whether they would agree to find me in work. I had felt the wants of nature too powerfully not to rejoice at the means by which they were supplied. My assiduity soon obtained me the approbation of my master.

'At the expiration of some years, my knowledge of the business was so perfect, that my employer invited me to reside in his house, and treated me with as much friendship and kindness as if I had actually been his son. This gentleman had risen to the highest eminence in his profession; the suavity of his manners

could only be equalled by the intelligence of his mind. And he had a daughter—but to attempt describing her various attractions, would be presumption; for in her person were assembled all the virtues and graces which have ever been ascribed to the sex.

'In the society of this lovely creature I experienced that refined gratification, which neither rank nor splendour ever could impart; but my happiness was destined to receive a dreadful interruption, by the sudden death of the author of her birth. Though I had carefully concealed from my beloved's father the secret of my own existence, I resolved to impart it to her; and forever resign those visionary prospects of future grandeur, which imagination frequently had formed. Tenderness and astonishment marked her expressive features, while she listened to the vicissitudes of my life; and, after pouring the balm of sympathy into my bosom, she amply compensated for all my sufferings by blessing me with her hand. By this angelick woman I have three children, who will forever remain strangers to the noble stock from whence they sprung; for, though no sigh for faded honours ever escapes my bosom, I cannot be answerable for the effect which a knowledge of their father's origin might have upon theirs.'

Sir Thomas listened to this singular recital with a mixture of emotion and astonishment, and immediately offered the son of England's

Tyrant an asylum in his house, with full liberty to act as if he were its master; but this noble-minded man, with expressions of gratitude, refused; declaring he was perfectly satisfied with his present situation; but wished to build a small house for his family at the extremity of his friend's park.

Of the truth of these extraordinary circumstances little doubt can be entertained; and they are still more strongly impressed upon the imagination by the Parish Register of Eastville; which states, that on the 22d of December, 1550, the body of Richard Plantagenet was interred.

Upon this singular character's history I shall not attempt making any farther observation; no reader of sensibility will be able to peruse it with a heart totally unmoved; for though we admire the calm philosophy of his feelings, he doubtless regretted the splendours he had lost. [*Monthly Museum.*]

THE VOLUPTUARY's SOLILOQUY.

I FIND myself in possession of fortune, youth, and health, and am determined to enjoy them. As pleasure is my object, I must contrive to make it lasting; it is evident, that if I throw away the means, I can no longer compass the end. I perceive that I must not game; for though I like play, I do not like to lose what I

lone can purchase that, which I propose to enjoy; and I do not see, that the chance of winning other people's money, can compensate for the pain I must suffer in being deprived of my own. I have resolved therefore that I will not be a gamester; there is not common sense in the thought.

But if I give up gaming, I am determined to take my swing of pleasure. I must therefore ask myself the question, what is pleasure? Is it high living and hard drinking? There is nothing very elegant in it, I confess; a glutton is but a sorry fellow, and a drunkard is a beast; besides, I am not sure my constitution will bear excess. I shall get the gout, and grow out of all shape; I shall have a red face, full of blotches, a foul breath, and be loathsome to the women. I cannot bear to think of that, for I doat upon them. I prefer the favours of the fair, to the company of soakers, so farewell to drinking; I will be sober, because I love pleasure.

But if I give up wine, I will repay myself for the sacrifice; I will have the finest girls that money can purchase: money did I say? What a sound has that. Am I to buy beauty with money, and cannot I buy love too? for there is no pleasure even in beauty, without love; this unlucky question gravels me.

Mercenary love is nonsense; it is flat hypocrisy, and disgusting; I should loath the fawning caresses of a dissembling harlot, whom I pay for false fondness. It is impossible to feel

the genuine passion of love for a harlot ; she must be a modest woman ; and when that befalls me,what then ? Why then, if I am violently in love, and cannot be happy without her, there is no choice—I must marry her ; for pleasure is my object, and marriage is my lot ; I am determined therefore to marry, because I love pleasure.

As I have quitted all other women for a wife, I am resolved to taste this first of pleasures without alloy ; I must be cautious therefore that nobody else takes the same pleasure too ; for, otherwise, how have I bettered myself ? I might as well have remained upon the common.

I should be a fool, indeed, to pay extravagantly for an article, and let others share it with me ; I am therefore determined to keep her to myself, for pleasure is my only object ; and this, I take it, is of a kind that will not admit of participation.

The next question is, how I must contrive to keep her to myself ? Not by force, not by locking her up ; there is no pleasure in that notion ; compulsion is out of the case ; inclination is the only thing ; I must make it her interest, and her wish, to be faithful.

I will be kind and attentive to her, because I will not destroy my own pleasure ; and I will be very careful of the temptations I expose her to, for the same reason. She shall not lead the life of your town ladies. I have a charming place in the country, where we will pass most

of our time; there *she* will be safe, and *I* shall be happy. I love pleasure, and therefore I will have little to do with that intriguing town, London. I am determined to make my house in the country as pleasant as possible.

But if I give up the gaieties of a town life, and the club, and the gaming-table, and the girls, for a wife and the country, I will have the sports of the country in perfection; I will keep the best pack of hounds in England, and hunt every day in the week.—But hold a moment there; what will become of my wife, all the while I am following the hounds? Will she follow nobody? Will nobody follow her? A pretty figure I shall make, to be chasing a stag, and come home with horns on my own head. At least, I will not risk the experiment: I shall not like to leave her at home, and I cannot take her with me, for that would spoil my pleasure; and I hate a whipper-in in petticoats. I perceive, therefore, I must give up the hounds, for I am determined nothing shall stand in the way of my pleasure.

Why, then, I must find out some amusements that my wife can partake in; we must ride about the park in fine weather; we must visit the grounds and the gardens, and plan out improvements, and make plantations; it will be rare employment for the poor people.

That is a thought that never struck me before; methinks there must be a great deal of pleasure in providing employment for, and ad-

ministering to the comforts and instruction of our poor neighbours. I shall like a farm for the same reason, and my wife will take pleasure in a dairy; she shall have the most elegant one in England. I will also build a conservatory, and she shall have the choicest collection of plants and flowers in the country. I have a notion I shall take pleasure in them myself.

Then, there are a thousand things to do within doors; it is a fine old mansion; I will give it an entire repair; it wants new furniture; that will be pleasant work for my wife; I perceive, I could not afford to keep hounds, and do this into the bargain; but this will give most pleasure, and my wife shall partake of it.

I have an excellent library; so that with musick, books, gardening, a few friends, and a young family, for we probably shall have children, I find there are a vast many pleasures in a county life: and what a fool should I be, to throw away my money at the gaming-table, or my health at any table; or my affections upon harlots; or my time upon hounds and horses; or employ either money, health, affections, or time, in any other pleasures or pursuits than these, which I now perceive will lead me to solid happiness in this life, and secure a good chance for it hereafter." *Mon. Mirror.*

SELECT SENTENCES.

WHAT a strange compound is this frail being of ours! the sport of every passion, the slave of every opinion; governed not only by the events of life, but subject to the air we breathe, and the climate beneath which we live; sometimes elevated, as it were, above our nature, and sometimes depressed into an imbecility which is as far beneath it; now inflamed with rage, and then trembling with fear; alternately the object of praise and condemnation, of envy and of pity, of admiration and contempt.

IT should be a rule to *suspect* persons who insinuate any thing against the reputation of others, of that vice or errour with which they charge their neighbours; for it is very unlikely that their insinuations should flow from a love of virtue. The resentment of the virtuous toward those who are fallen, is that of pity—and pity is best discovered on such occasions by silence.

CONTEMPLATION generates what action diffuses—without the last the first is abortive, and without the first the last is defective—St. Barnard compares contemplation to Rachel, who was the more fair; but action to Leah, who was the more fruitful.

THE DRAMA.

ESSAY ON DRAMATICK COMPOSITION.

BY T. HOLCROFT.

Continued from page 53.

Of the Moral Nature of Comedy.

THERE may perhaps be rational doubts entertained, whether the moral effects of comedy might not be greater even than those of tragedy; in which case, comedy would deserve the preference. Tragedy appears to be better calculated to exhibit the grandest efforts of virtue, as well as the most fatal effects of vice: but, in the present state of morals at least, these grand efforts and fatal effects are less familiar, not so often required or seen, nor so productive of general benefit, as the subordinate but diurnal morality, which it should be the province of comedy to teach. It is indeed true, that, when the mind can be made to feel the higher virtues so impressively as that they can never be forgotten, it scarcely could be greatly erroneous in subordinate principles, and practice. Comedy, however, has a so much wider range, insinuates precepts by such familiar and multifarious means, and enforces them so powerfully by satire and ridicule, that it might become a most incomparable engine, for the destruction of vice, if properly employed in dramatick poetry.

There is another point of comparison, which must not be overlooked. Of the different powers required for the tragick and the comick poet, it seems difficult to pronounce which are required to be the most numerous and the highest, supposing that, in each of them, perfect specimens were to be demanded: but, if we except SHAKESPEARE, the powers of the tragick poet, with respect to invention, variety, and knowledge of the human heart, seem generally to have been inferiour to those of the comick. To both, this knowledge of the human heart is the source of power. It is true, there are a few tragedies, besides those of SHAKESPEARE, among which *Venice Preserved* is perhaps the first, which contain so fine a volume of this knowledge that the candid might be inclined to doubt which way they ought to decide: but, on a summary view, perhaps, including the whole works of SHAKESPEARE, and especially taking MOLIERE into the account, we should say the comick muse has far outstripped her sister.

Of the Moral Nature of Plays.

BY plays is here understood all those theatrical productions, in which there is a prevailing tendency to be serious and declamatory, or tragical. Serious scenes may very properly find their place in comedy; but, when they overpower laughter, humorous incident, and comick character, the piece is properly classed among plays.

Moral utility may be greatly promoted by every species of dramatick writing; but the authors of plays have often improperly claimed a superiority as moral teachers. It has been strangely maintained, by all adversaries of the drama, and even by some of its friends, that, because comedy is employed to exhibit *folly*, and pourtray *vice*, it is the *friend* of folly and vice. Even had authors any such intention, this would only be possible in a relative and inferiour degree. A relative and inferiour degree of vice and folly, is taught in the temples built and consecrated to the essence of virtue! for, unless the understandings of men were so correct, as accurately to discriminate *where virtue ends*, and where vice and folly begin, to this evil, whoever may be the teacher, those who are instructed must submit. Whatever the place, and wherever seen, vice, when known, is detested, and folly laughed at; and where with so hearty a good will, such branded shame, and such effectual contempt, as on the stage?

There is much laughter in life; and yet there are but few modes of exciting laughter. Some have maintained that the consciousness of superiority is its only source. Generally speaking, a thing laughed at is a thing despised; and who will intentionally imitate that which he despises? Where is there so incessant a fund of laughter to be found as the stage supplies? Or what writings contain, like a comedy, in so small a compass, so vast a volume of mo-

rality? Could the manual of Epictetus be sufficiently familiarized to the unlettered, admirable as it is, it might exhibit a less mixture of errour, but would even then be of inferiour force; for, by the thoughtless multitude, it must still be read as a task: while they will always resort to the play-house as to a place of supreme pleasure. Even the sermon on the Mount, justly revered as it is by the most ignorant and the wise, perfectly comprehensible for the simplicity and truth of its precepts, and adored as an emanation from divinity, is yet seldom read, little remembered, and, when read, resorted to rather as an act of piety than a source of pleasure.

These considerations seem to decide in favour of the moral utility of comedy, over every other species of publick exhibition: plays can only enjoy the third rank; for though they may partake of tragedy and comedy, as they cannot so often produce the moral effects of laughter, nor can to the full, attain the dignified and elevated sentiments of tragedy, they must, as they generally are, be deemed inferiour.

Of the Moral Nature of the Comick-Opera.

Whatever contributes to the happiness of man is of a moral nature: pleasure, therefore, of every kind, which has no decided tendency to produce future pain, is a good that deserves cultivation, in proportion to its magnitude.

Of the mental pleasures, which society at large can enjoy, literature and the fine arts claim

an undoubted precedency. Few indeed are the people who do not derive pleasure from musick; and by the lower orders, musick is seldom heard to such advantage as at the theatre. Their weariness is relieved, their passions soothed, and their hearts are delighted, while they listen. It seems indeed astonishing to recollect that the legislature continues to narrow, and in part to interdict, such sources of innocent delight, and such means of moral instruction.

As in an opera much of the time of performance is devoted to musick, and as likewise, in such productions, a strong portion of insipidity has always prevailed, the highest moral utility is still further lessened: when they are well written, however, this utility is not small; for, as musick itself produces the effects, already described, a just personification of the manners and follies of men may give such aid, to the part which is good, as to render the whole excellent.

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

SCENE *between Sir Edward Mortimer and Wilford, from the "Iron Chest," by G. Colman the Younger.*

Mort. Wilford, approach me.—What am I to say
For aiming at your life!—Do you not scorn me,
Despise me for it?

Wil. I! Oh, Sir!——

Mort. You must.
For I am singled from the herd of men,
A vile, heart-broken wretch;
Wil. Indeed, indeed, Sir,
You deeply wrong yourself. Your equal's love,
The poor man's prayer, the orphan's tear of gratitude,
All follow you:—and I!—I owe you all!
Mort. Mark me, Wilford.—
I know the value of the orphan's tear,
The poor man's prayer, respect from the respected:
I feel to merit these, and to obtain them,
Is to taste here below, that thrilling cordial
Which the remunerating Angel draws
From the eternal fountain of delight,
To pour on blessed souls, that enter heaven,
I feel this:—I!—How muſt thy nature, then,
Revolt at him who seeks to stain his hand,
In human blood?—And yet it seems, this day
I sought your life.—O! I have suffered madness—
None know my tortures—pangs!—but I can end them:
End them as far appertains to thee.—
I have resolv'd it.—Hell born struggles tear me!
But I have ponder'd on't,—and I must trust thee.
Wil. Your confidence shall not be ——
Mort. You must swear.
Wil. Swear, Sir!—will nothing but an oath then ——
Mort. Listen.
May all the ills that wait on frail humanity
Be doubled on your head, if you disclose
My fatal ſecret! May your body turn
Most lazar-like, and loathsome; and your mind
More loathsome than your body! May those fiends
Who strangle babes, for very wantonness,
Shrink back, and shudder at your monstrous crime,

And, shrinking, curse you! Palsies strike your youth!
And the sharp terrours of a guilty mind
Poison your aged days; while all your nights,
As on the earth you lay your houseless head.
Out-horrour horrour! May you quit the world
Abhorr'd, self-hated, hopeless for the next,
Your life a burthen, and your death a fear!
Wil. For mercy's sake, forbear! you terrify me.
Mort. Hope this may fall upon thee;—Swear thou hopest it,
By every attribute which heaven, earth, hell,
Can lend, to bind and strengthen conjuration,
If thou betray'st me.
Wil. Well I ——*(hesitating.)*
Mort. No retreating!
Wil. (after a pause.)
I swear by all the ties that bind a man,
Divine, or human,---never to divulge!
Mort. Remember you have sought this secret:---Yes,
Extorted it. I have not thrust it on you.
'Tis big with danger to you; and to me,
While I prepare to speak, torment unutterable.
Know, Wilford that —— damnation!
Wil. Dearest Sir!
Collect yourself. This shakes you horribly.
You had this trembling, it is scarce a week,
At Madam Helen's.
Mort. There it is.—Her uncle---
Wil. Her uncle!
Mort. Him. She knows it not---None know it---
You are the first ordain'd to hear me say,
I am —— his murderer.
Wil. O, heaven!
Mort. His assassin.
Wil. What, you that---mur---the murder---I am choak'd!

Mort. Honour, thou blood-stain'd God! at whose red altar
Sit War and Homicide, O, to what madness
Will insult drive thy votaries! By heaven,
In the world's range there does not breathe a man
Whose brutal nature I more strove too soothe,
With long forbearance, kindness, courtesy,
Than he who fell by me. But he disgrac'd me.
Stain'd me,---oh, death and shame!---the world look'd on,
And saw this sinewy savage strike me down;
Rain blows upon me, drag me to and fro,
On the base earth, like carrion. Desperation,
In every fibre of my frame, cried vengeance!
I left the room, which he had quitted. Chance,
(Curse on the chance!) while boiling with my wrongs,
Thrust me against him, darkling in the street:---
I stabb'd him to the heart:—and my oppressor
Roll'd, lifeless, at my foot.

Wil. Oh? mercy on me!
How could this deed be cover'd!

Mort. Would you think it?
E'en at the moment when I gave the blow,
Butcher'd a fellow creature in the dark,
I had all good men's love. But my disgrace,
And my opponent's death, thus link'd with it,
Demanded notice of the magistracy.
They summon'd me, as friend would summon friend,
To acts of import, and communication.
We met: and 'twas resolv'd to stifle rumour,
To put me on my trial. No accuser,
No evidence appear'd, to urge it on.---
'Twas meant to clear my fame.---How clear it, then?
How cover it? you say.---Why, by a Lie:---
Guilt's offspring, and its guard. I taught this breast,

Which Truth once made her throne, to forge a lie;
This tongue to utter it.---Rounded a tale,
Smooth as a Seraph's song from Satan's mouth;
So well compacted, that the o'er throng'd court
Disturb'd cool justice, in her judgment-seat,
By shouting "Innocence!" ere I had finish'd.
The Court enlarged me; and the rabble
Bore me, in triumph, home. Aye!---look upon me.---
I know thy sight aches at me!
Wil. Heaven forgive me!
I think I love you still:---but I am young;
I know not what to say:---it may be wrong.---
Indeed I pity you.
Mort. I disdain all pity.---
I ask no consolation. Idle boy!
Think'st thou that this compulsive confidence
Was given to move thy pity?---Love of Fame
(For still I cling to it) has urged me, thus,
To quash thy curious mischief in its birth.
Hurt honour, in an evil, cursed hour,
Drove me to murder---lying:---'twould again.
My honesty,---sweet peace of mind,---all, all!
Are barter'd for a name. I *will* maintain it.
Should slander whisper o'er my sepulchre,
And my soul's agency survive in death,
I could embody it with heaven's lightning,
And the hot shaft of my insulted spirit
Should strike the blaster of memory
Dead in the church-yard. Boy, I would not kill thee:
Thy rashness and discernment threaten'd danger!
To check them there was no way left but this:---
Save one---your death:---you shall not be my victim.
Wil. My death! What take my life?---My life! to prop

This empty honour.
Mort. Empty! Groveling fool!
Wil. I am your servant, Sir: child of your bounty;
And know my obligation. I have been
Too curious, haply; 'tis the fault of youth.
I ne'er meant injury: if it would serve you,
I would lay down my life; I'd give it freely:---
Could you, then, have the heart to rob me of it?
You could not;---should not.
Mort. How!
Wil. You dare not.
Mort. Dare not!
Wil. Some hours ago you durst not. Passion moved you;
Reflection interposed, and held your arm.
But, should reflection prompt you to attempt it,
My innocence would give me strength to struggle,
And rest the murderous weapon from your hand.
How would you look to find a peasant boy
Return the knife you levell'd at his heart;
And ask you which in heaven would shew the best,
A rich man's honour, or a poor man's honesty?
Mort. 'Tis plain I dare not take your life. To spare it,
I have endanger'd mine. But dread my power;---
You know not its extent. Be warn'd in time:
Trifle not with my feelings. Listen, Sir!
Myriads of engines, which my secret working
Can rouse to action, now encircle you.
I speak not vaguely. You have heard my principle;
Have heard, already, what it can effect:
Be cautious how you thwart it. Shun my brother;
Your ruin hangs upon a thread; Provoke me,
And it shall fall upon you. Dare to make
The slightest movement to awake my fears,

And the gaunt criminal, naked and stake-tied,
Left on the heath to blister in the sun,
'Till lingering death shall end this agony,
Compar'd to thee, shall seem more enviable
Than Cherubs to the damn'd.
Wil. O, misery!
Discard me Sir! I must be hateful to you.
Banish me hence. I will be mute as death;
But let me quit your service.
Mort. Never.---Fool!
To buy this secret, you have sold yourself.
Your movements, eyes, and, most of all, your breath
From this time forth, are fetter'd to my will.
You have said, truly: you are hateful to me:---
Yet you shall feel my bounty:---that shall flow,
And swell your fortunes.
What I have just now given you in charge,
Be sure to keep fast lock'd. I shall be angry,---
Be very angry if I find you careless.

ECKHOF

THE GERMAN ROSICUS.

THIS sublime and inimitable actor was born at Hamburgh, in 1720, and appeared first at Luneburg in 1740; superiour talents added to severe study soon made him the first actor of Germany, and his excellence was equal in tragedy and comedy. He died the 16th of June, 1773. Melpomene, still deplores her three favourite sons, viz. Garrick, Le Kain, and Eckhof, who all died the same year. The honours that were rendered him, after his death,

are a proof of the esteem in which men of talents are held in Germany; especially when, like Eckhof, they are men of virtue.

There was no theatrical performance till the 18th, when the whole company appeared in mourning on the stage of Gotha, which was hung with black. Mr. Bock, who was appointed director after the death of Eckhof, appeared at their head, and pronounced the following short oration, written by Mr. Reichard, author of the Theatrical Journal and Almanack:

"Patrons and Friends,

"A melancholy but sacred duty brings us, thus in a body, before you; it bids us weep for our comrade, our master and our father! Eckhof is no more. He is gone! He, who, in the the infancy of the German stage, when it but resembled a wandering tribe among the first races of men, beginning but in barbarity, subjected to the yoke of ancient prejudices; he, who taught order to rise out of this confusion, and led us into the path of glory! He it was who improved the talents of the old, formed those of the young, and gave encouragement to all, by offering in himself a model of such perfection! Eckhof is no more. He is gone, where probity and virtue receive their best reward! Of this probity, this virtue, here, on these boards, what energetick lessons did he nightly give! How did his private conduct still more divinely instruct!

"He is now before the tribunal of posterity, by which severe and incorruptible judge his talents will be appreciated, and will be found as pure and unmixed as man may hope! To futurity his memory will be sacred. We come not here to repeat his eulogium: he wants it not. It is the prerogative of fine talents, and of estimable men, but to be named in order to make their loss felt. We come to render a a publick and solemn testimony, the truth of which we have so lively a cause to feel, of the loss which the dramatick art, and the German stage, have suffered. The curtain will one day drop for each of us: the part of every man must end. May we all, not only as actors, but as citizens, men, and Christians, finish our career like the man we mourn."

After this discourse, mournful musick, composed by Mr. Schweitzer, was heard; and on the 19th he was interred, at the expence of the Free-masons' lodge *(Zum Rautenkranz)* of Gotha, the members of which had asked permission to bestow this honour on their deceased speaker and brother. The members of the lodge followed the coffin in procession.

DRAMATICK ANECDOTES.

A FEW years since, Mr. Waldron, manager of a theatre at Uxbridge, England, was standing at the door of his theatre in company with

Benson of Drury-lane, and some others, when the Birmingham coach passed by. One of the passengers on the roof called out, 'How are you, O P and P S?' 'Who the devil would have supposed (said Waldron) that fellow should know any thing of O P and P S?' 'I wonder you are surprised at it, (replied Benson) is not he on the stage?'

Some strollers being lately taken before a magistrate in the country, one of the company named Kearns was first examined, and being asked his name, replied 'It was Bajazet last night.' 'And what is your profession?' interrogated the justice. 'I plays all the tyrants in tragedy.' 'And what do you get by that, friend?' 'Seven shillings a week, your honour, and finds my own jewels.'

An itinerant player, well known in the west of England, performed in one evening for his benefit, Boniface and Sir Charles Freeman in the Beaux Stratagem, between the acts of which he sung Dibdin's Jack the Guinea Pig, and danced a hornpipe; at the end of the play he recited Collins's Ode on the Passions, played Shift, Smirk and Mother Cole, in the Minor, and concluded with a poetical address to the audience!

POETRY.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE WOUNDED SNOW BIRD.

Ah cruel man ! how could'st thou wrang
This wee poor bird, whose artless sang,
Was pour'd the leafless trees amang,
With unco glee,
When Winter o'er our plains did gang,
Wi' ruthless ee.

Poor bird ! 'twas ance you did na care
For nature's elemental war,
But when the cold snows fill'd the air,
Would fearless fly,
Whilst the chill northern blast, would bear
Thee thro' the sky.

Thou'rt a' that's left of simmer gay ;
For they, which sported in her ray,
Scar'd at dread Winter's frown, away
Alas did flee ;
All ; like false friends in poortiths day,
Sweet bird, but thee.

Auld winter ca'd thee his dear child ;
Wi' him thou rod'st the tempests wild,

And he did ever treat thee mild,
And would na' wrang,
For you his weary hours beguil'd,
Wi' thy sweet sang.

But man's mare merciless than he,
There is no pity in his ee;
His heart is made of cruelty;
Which he maun shaw,
By giving death, poor bird, to thee,
Mang the cald snaw.

But oh! at ance he did na kill,
And life to thee remaineth still,
But life fast flows in purple rill,
And draps so sma'
Which from thy body doth distill,
And stain the snaw.

Where's now thy comfort to be found?
Poor birdie, grievous is the wound;
Thou canst na search for berries round,
But thou dost lie,
Cald, poor, and hungry on the ground,
And needs maun die.

I saw him writh'd by pains keen dart,
I strove my fostering aid t' impart,
I wish'd to cheer his fainting heart,
But 'twould na do;
For his poor soul would na my art,
And anguish'd flew.

Knd so, when misery's storm doth lour,
As poortith pours the pitiless shower,
E'en Virtue sinks beneath its power,
And Hope away,
Fa's, like the wan scythe smitten flower,
To death a prey.

But he, who hears the good man's prayer,
To thy sma' cry shall bend his ear,
For thou wert aye beneath his care
And in his han',
And did his kind protection share,
As well as man!

BION.

REMONSTRANCE TO WINTER.

Ah! why, unfeeling Winter, why
Still flags thy torpid wing?
Fly, melancholy Season, fly—
And yield the year to Spring.

Spring,—the young cherubim of love,
An exile in disgrace,—
Flits o'er the scene, like Noah's dove,
Nor finds a resting place.

When on the mountain's azure peak,
Alights her fairy form,

Cold blows the wind,—and dark and bleak,
Around her rolls the storm.

If to the valley she repair,
For shelter and defence,
Thy wrath pursues the mourner there,
And drives her, weeping, thence.

She seeks the brook—the faithless brook,
Of her unmindful grown,
Feels the chill magick of thy look,
And lingers into stone.

She woos her embryo-flowers, in vain,
To rear their infant heads;
—Deaf to her voice, her flowers remain
Enchanted in their beds.

In vain she bids the trees expand
Their green luxuriant charms;
—Bare in the wilderness they stand,
And stretch their withering arms.

Her favourite birds, in feeble notes,
Lament thy long delay;
And strain their little stammering throats,
To charm thy rage away.

Ah! why, usurping Winter, why
Still flags thy frozen wing?
Fly, unrelenting tyrant, fly—
And yield the year to Spring!

TO A BUTTERFLY IN A WINDOW.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Escaped thy place of wintry rest,
And in the brightest colours drest,
Thy new-born wings prepar'd for flight,
Ah! do not, butterfly, in vain
Thus flutter on the crystal pane,
But go! and soar to life and light.

High in the buoyant summer gale,
Through cloudless ether thou may'st sail,
Or rest among the fairest flowers;
To meet thy winnowing friends may'st speed,
Or at thy choice luxurious feed—
In woodlands wild, or garden bowers.

Beneath some leaf of ample shade
Thy pearly eggs shall then be laid,
Small rudiments of many a fly;
Whilst thou, thy frail existence past,
Shalt shudder in the chilly blast,
And fold thy painted wings and die.

Soon fleets thy transient life away;
Yet, short as is thy vital day,
Like flowers that form thy fragrant food,
Thou, poor ephemeron, shalt have filled,
The little space thy Maker willed,
And all thou knowest of life be good.

TO A REDBREAST,

THAT FLEW IN AT MY WINDOW.

By James Grahame.

FROM snowy plains, and icy sprays,
From moonless nights, and sunless days,
Welcome, poor bird! I'll cherish thee;
I love thee, for thou trustest me.
Thrice welcome, helpless, panting guest!
Fondly I'll warm thee in my breast:—
How quick thy little heart is beating!
As if its brother flutterer greeting.
Thou need'st not dread a captive's doom;
No! freely flutter round my room;
Perch on my lute's remaining string,
And sweetly of sweet summer sing,
That note, that summer note I know;
It wakes, at once, and soothes my woe,—
I see those woods, I see that stream,
I see,—ah, still prolong the dream!
Still, with thy song, those scenes renew,
Though through my tears they reach my view.

No more now, at my lonely meal,
While thou art by, alone I'll feel;
For soon, devoid of all distrust,
Thou'lt, nibbling, share my humble crust;
Or on my finger, pert and spruce,
Thou'lt learn to sip the sparkling juice;
And when (our short collation o'er)

Some favourite volume I explore,
Be't work of poet or of sage,
Safe thou shalt hop across the page,
Unchecked, shall flit o'er VIRGIL's groves,
Or flutter 'mid TIBULLUS' loves.
Thus, heedless of the raving blast,
Thou'lt dwell with me till winter's past;
And when the primrose tells, 'tis spring,
And when the Thrush begins to sing,
Soon as I hear the woodland song,
I'll set thee free to join the throng.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

[FROM POEMS BY JAMES SHIRLEY. 1546.]

I WOULD the God of Love would die,
And give his bow and shafts to me,
I ask no other legacy.

This happy fate I then would prove,
That since thy heart I cannot move,
I'd cure, and kill my own with love.

Yet why should I so cruel be,
To kill myself with loving thee,
And thou a tyrant still to me?

Perhaps could thou affection shew
To me, I should not love thee so,
And that would be my medicine too.

Then choose to love me, or deny,
I will not be so fond to die
A martyr to thy cruelty:
If thou be'st weary of me, when
Thou art so wise to love again,
Command, and I'll forsake thee then.

UPON HIS MISTRESS DANCING.

BY THE SAME.

I STOOD, and saw my mistress dance,
Silent, and with so fix'd an eye,
Some might suppose me in a trance,
But being asked why,
By one that knew I was in love,
I could not but impart
My wonder, to behold her move
So nimbly with a marble heart.

EPITAPH ON COWPER.

BY J. H. L. HUNT.

HERE, where thought no more devours,
Rests the Poet and the Man;
Life, with all its subtle powers,
Ending where it first began.

Stranger, if thou lov'st a tear,
Weep thee o'er his death awhile:
If thine eye would still be clear,
Think upon his life and smile.

THEATRICAL RETROSPECT,

For January, 1807.

Sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi...*Virg. Æn.* 1. *v.* 461.

BOSTON THEATRE.

Dec. 29.—THE *Provok'd Husband* was repeated by particular request, to a fashionable audience. The afterpiece was *The Critick* in which Messrs. Bernard and Dickenson, as *Puff* and *Sir Fretful Plagiary*, appeared with uncommon excellence. *Tilburina* by Mrs. Shaw was, as intended, a very good burlesque upon tragedy, but yet fell far short of her Lady Randolph, which is unquestionably the most successful attempt at tragedy-run-mad we ever witnessed.

Dec. 31.—*The Finger Post* and *Lodoiska.* We think The Finger Post might be cut down to a tolerable farce; it does not contain sufficient interest for a comedy of three acts. It depends principally for success on a few coarse jokes, which sometimes fail of their intended effect, and dwindle to insipidity.

We had not room in our last to notice the revival of *Lodoiska*, the cast of which in some respects is superiour to that of last season. It was unfortunate for Mr. Dykes to appear in *Varbel*, immediately after so popular a favourite and so excellent a comick singer as Mr. Twaits. Prejudice and prepossession were u-

nited against him ; but he successfully opposed both, and gained a considerable share of applause. *Risk* might perhaps display Mr. D's talents to advantage.

Floreski and *Kera Khan* are better than in the former cast. Fox, who personated the Tartar chief, now supplies the place of Darley in *Count Floreski*, though with less melody in singing, yet with more spirit in acting. Mr. Caulfield supports *Kera Khan* very respectably.

Jan. 2.—*The Finger Post* and *Blue Beard.*

Jan. 5.—*The Fair Penitent* and *Lodoiska.* It is truly lamentable to observe the mangled and imperfect state in which some excellent plays have been brought forward the present season. The audience that *endured* the representation of the Fair Penitent this evening ought certainly to have credit for bringing with them a large stock of good nature ; for never was more horrid murder committed on blank-verse since the days of Peter Quince. Mr. Usher is a man of unremitting industry in his profession, and his *Sciolto* was the only part in the piece which had been maturely studied.

Jan. 7.—*The Miser*, *Lover's Jest*, and *The Sultan.* *Lovegold* and *Lappet* never had better representatives than Mr. Bernard and Mrs. Shaw. It is astonishing that Mrs. S. who can so justly command applause in low and middle comedy, should ever pant for the honours of the buskined heroine.

Mrs. Stanley's *Roxalana*, in the farce, received loud and reiterated plaudits.

Jan. 9.—*School of Reform*, *The Purse*, and *Dermot and Kathleen*.

Jan. 12.—*The Secret* and *Robin Hood*. It is but justice to Mr. Bernard to say that the comedy this evening received its principal support from his inimitable performance of *Old Lizard*. Mr. Caulfield in *Jack* had but little to say, and said it very well. We wish he might appear more frequently in light comedy.

Jan. 14.—*The Voice of Nature* and *The Maid of Hungary*, a pantomime by Mr Turnbull. If, as Mr. T. asserts, his pantomime was 'performed upwards of ninety nights in London with unbounded applause,' it must have been very GRATE-FUL to his feelings to see a theatre full of empty seats, on its first night in Boston. But there is no accounting for the capriciousness of taste!

Jan. 16.—*Which is the Man?* and *La Peyrouse*. Mrs. Stanley's *Lady Bell* was a fascinating performance, and added much to her increasing reputation as a votaress of the comick muse. Messrs. Fox and Usher were respectable.

In the pantomime, Mr. Caulfield as *La Peyrouse*, and Mrs. Stanley in *Umba*, displayed uncommon powers of acting without the aid of speech. Mr. and Mrs. Usher also gave perfect satisfaction. The scenery, which was entirely

new, does honour to the talents and judgment of Mr. Milbourne.

Jan. 19.—*The Castle Spectre* and *La Peyrouse.* A gentleman of Boston made his first theatrical attempt in the difficult character of *Osmond,* and succeeded much beyond general expectation. By nature and education he has all the requisites for a first rate performer; and industry, with proper attention to dramatick authors, will soon bring him to a high degree of excellence in the histrionick art. It is unnecessary to analyse his performance, and point out the various defects of which he undoubtedly knows he was guilty; they can be corrected only by time and experience. We cannot withhold our approbation of Mrs. Powell's *Angela,* which was chaste and pathetick. Mr. Fox did justice to the part of *Hassan,* which for some seasons back has not had the support due to its consequence in the play. Mr. Turnbull in the fat monk was as devoid of life as of humour; it seemed as if he came to bring us 'the compliments of the sleeping season.' Mr. Dykes would have made the part more like what it ought to be.

Jan. 21.—*Hamlet* and *The Purse. Hamlet,* Mr. Cooper, his first appearance here this season; *Polonius,* Dickenson; *Ghost,* Usher; *Ophelia,* Mrs. Stanley.

Jan. 23.—*The Gamester* and *Shipwreck. Beverly,* Mr. Cooper; *Stukely,* Usher; *Lewson,* Fox; *Mrs. Beverly,* Mrs. Powell.

Jan. 26.—*Macbeth* and *Dermot and Kathleen*. *Macbeth*, Mr. Cooper ; *Lady Macbeth*, Mrs. Stanley.

Jan. 28. *Othello* and *Village Lawyer*. *Othello*, Mr. Cooper ; *Iago*, Mr. Usher ; *Desdemona*, Mrs. Powell.

CHARLESTON.

Most of the new plays produced last year in London have been performed at this theatre. Mr. Hatton, from the Haymarket theatre, is the first tragedian, and is very successful.

A new drama in five acts was performed for the first time, Dec. 26, called 'The Mysteries of the Castle, or the Victim of Revenge,' written by J. B. White, author of 'Foscari.' The Prologue and Epilogue, written by friends of the author, were spoken, the former by Mr. Young, the latter by Mr. Hatton.

PROLOGUE.

Is there a passion which exalts mankind,
And strongly marks the Heav'n descended mind?
Does any virtue more deserve the care
Of all the wise, the generous and the fair?
Is there a wish the noble soul displays?
It is the well directed love of praise.
Undaunted by the gloomy critick's frown,
An humble candidate for juſt renown ;

Again, with anxious breast, your youthful Bard,
Eager to please, solicits your regard:
Not more perturbed is the mother's heart,
When from her eldest darling she must part;
When the brave youth, with martial ardour glows,
To gain a name, and face his country's foes.
This night your tears are not required to flow,
Congenial with the simple tale of woe;
Our teeming scenes, embrace a wider range,
A Castle, Mystery, Victim, and Revenge.
Now terrour, wonder, equally command,
Arouse attention, and your thoughts demand.
Tho' these a sure engaging pleasure lend,
Our Bard does not on these alone depend;
If natural ideas are express'd
By nature's voice, in nature's language drest;
If moral truth, and pleasing fiction blend,
To charm the fancy, and the heart to mend,
Tho' faults appear, He fondly hopes to find,
His friends applauding, e'en the critick's kind.

EPILOGUE.

THE curtain drop't, the mystick tale is o'er,
'Tis done! the mimick Hero struts no more.
Now, lest assuming wits disdainful jeer,
And, without skill, pretended criticks sneer,
Ye wise, forgive, while boldly I explain
The moral lessons which our scenes contain:
Unhappy he, whom jealousy controls,
And through his breast its fatal poison rolls!

The baleful passion o'er his reason sways,
Condemn'd to doubt, to love, to curse, to praise!
Estrang'd from ev'ry good, his manners change,
Within whose bosom lurks the fiend Revenge!
A thousand ruthless thoughts his mind deform,
He courts the gloom of night, and glories in the storm.

And ye, who lur'd by ardent passions, stray,
With devious footsteps, far from virtue's way,
Learn from our scene—return—be wise, and trust,
That Heav'n, forever, will protect the just.

Such are the moral truths our author draws,
To win your gen'rous favour and applause,
One hour of social pleasure to impart,
And strike with Nature's force the feeling heart.
For you, he cheerful trimm'd the midnight oil,
To you he dedicates her future toil:
E'en now, with looks, that struggled to be gay,
He anxious seiz'd my hand, and bade me say:—
(And as he spoke, he check'd a rising sigh,
While the big tear stood trembling in his eye)
"May all who now behold our chequer'd scene
"With manly dignity and soul serene
"Safe from external and domestick strife,
"Glide calmly down the unruffled stream of life!
"May peace and virtue on your steps attend,
"And Liberty your sacred rights defend!

" May genius joy beneath your cheering hand,
" And science shed her lustre o'er the land ;
" May distant nations view your joys increase,
" And hail Columbia as the Land of Peace."

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Mr. Fennel is performing at Philadelphia to overflowing houses.

The exchange made by Messrs. Bernard and Cooper gives great satisfaction to the people of New-York and Boston. Mr. B. made his first appearance on the New-York stage in his favourite character of Lord Ogleby.

EDITOR's NOTES.

The Biography of Mrs. Stanley could not be prepared in time for the present number—It shall appear next month.

A Portrait of Mrs. Powell of the Boston Theatre is in preparation for the Polyanthos.

Nancy Notional *shall receive all due attention from her cousin* Nehemiah.

We have received two poetical productions from Psyche, *both of which possess considerable merit. They however contain some* inadmissible *errours,*

which we shall take the liberty to correct before they are published. We would suggest to PSYCHE *the propriety of omitting for the present "Poetical characterizing"—Is it not a little out of season?*

We acknowledge with much pleasure a communication from a gentleman of Boston—one whose acquaintance we have frequently courted, whose favour we have often "strove to win"—but which we had long since given up as lost. He is requested to loan us the book he mentioned.

The gentleman at New York, who furnished the Theatrical Communication in No. 11, *is respectfully requested to continue his correspondence.*

D.r Humphreys